



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Lulli, that he became so transported into the passion of a scene of horror in a tragedy he was reading, that he rushed to the harpsichord, and struck off such a sympathetic strain, that the listeners started with affright.

We suspect such a sympathy as this, to be the groundwork of a genuine admiration. True, we may admire otherwise sometimes, as by contagion, or because it is the fashion to admire, but such is hardly genuine. Perfect admiration argues a cognate mind. "The imagination," says Carlyle, "which shudders at the Hell of Dante, is the same faculty, weaker in degree, which called that picture into being. Milton knew the power of sympathy in awakening an appreciation, when he gave his fiends enough of mentality to enlist corresponding passions in man. He knew that the effect was more powerful than the horns and tails of Tasso and Klopstock. Such appendages seem childish, too much like writing "This is the Devil," beneath the picture. A true artist needs no such aids. Ary Scheffer has shown his independence of it, in his "Temptation."

When Jacob Behmen, as he harkened to a celestial voice, saw an angel before him, he exerted such a sympathetic power as is the envy of artists. When we come to believe in such visions, our sympathies have passed beyond the bounds of reason. Enthusiasm is a great manual-worker among men. It is the starting-place of that fanaticism, which makes what was once the sport of reason, its domineering usurper. When we consider, what a power a man has of thus assimilating himself with the beings and beliefs of his own creation, we do not wonder that the more charitable among the unbelievers in Mahomet and Swedenburg, are willing to consider them, as rather enthusiasts, than impostors. Our sympathies, when thus beyond the control of our calmer reason, often become subject to that kind of mental contagion, which is called a mania. Thus, they indirectly become the cause of eras in history. They fired the fury of the Crusades; inflated the madness of the South Sea Bubble; and have convened the varied schools of science, literature and Art. It is not for us to say how far they conspire the marvellous mental phenomena of the day; but Cavi has long ceased to reject them under the name of magnetic influence.

JUSTIN WINSOR.

WANDERINGS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

NO. III.

From Mr. Barker, son-in-law to Flores, I received hospitality such as we might expect from old Texans. His garden is on a high bank of the San Antonio. Here were peach trees, large and very thrifty. Fig trees were killed by the unusually severe frost of the last winter. Sugar cane thrives well here. Before I slept, I brought the horse in from the grass, for fear of having him stolen by the vagrants that hang around old settlements, and an unsuccessful attempt was made to seduce him into eating corn. From this place, the old road upon the river affords much picturesque scenery. Old Mexican ranches are frequent, the country is well wooded, and the trees often of large size; the pecan trees, especially,

fill all the ravines where their roots can have access to water, and the mustang grape vine loads down their tops. In some places the country is very sandy, and there the oaks thrive well. The trees along the river are still draped with Spanish moss, but those away from it have another parasite with linear leaves, growing in clusters enveloping the branches. Occasionally the road leads along the crest of a ridge, looking over deep ravines on either hand, with the pecan trees growing in them, to the hills beyond, covered with oaks, so as almost to conceal the deeper green of the grass that covers the ground. I descended to the river for water, where the San Antonio tumbles over a ledge of limestone rocks. I passed several hawks, known here as Mexican buzzards. They have long bare legs, the feathers about the neck white, with a black crest like a cap projecting over their eyes; they are quite tame, and seem to be hunting about on the ground for reptiles. Another hawk, nearly white, with a long forked tail, passed over me. Scarabeus beetles are very numerous, rolling little balls of their favorite composite, in the road. One species is extremely beautiful, with colors of green and gold. A ride of twenty-one miles brought me to Mr. Buquer's, whom I sought as an old resident of Texas, for such information as his experience could furnish. He has a pleasant cottage, and his place evinces industry and taste. His peach trees were yellow, and his garden was nearly a failure from the want of rain. Though this disaster was unusual, still he said it had occurred several times since his residence of seventeen years in the country. He had made few experiments with fruit trees.

A tedious ride of nine miles over a plain of muskeet, brought me to the Silado creek, but it was so dark that I could scarcely find my way across it, and when I emerged from the shadow of the pecans, and ascended the high ground of the opposite bank, I could not distinguish one object from another. I expected to find the house of Gideon Lee, of New York, and looked for a light to guide me to it, but I only saw the low growth of bushes along the road, and the innumerable fire-flies shooting athwart the gloom. There was distant thunder and lightning, and a little rain had fallen, which served to draw out these most interesting of all the numerous insects that swarm in hot climates. They were of several species of Eleteridae, and were so brilliant, that if they would but have kept over the road, I could not desire a better light. A single one would render everything visible for a rod about, but leave it darker than before. I caught one to force it into my service, but its light went out, it folded its legs up, and feigned death. In the distance they would shine so steadily for a time, as quite to deceive me with the idea that it was light in a human dwelling. I did see a light at length, at some distance on the right of the road, and directed my course towards it, but as the way led down hill, and the chance was, that it was on the opposite side of the creek, I retraced my steps, and dismounted, the more readily to find the road I had left, but all my efforts were in vain, and I was compelled again to tie my horse to a tree and lie down at the foot of it, which I did with a feeling of greater security, now that I was but six

miles from San Antonio. I slept well, and rose early; found that it had rained during the night; saddled my horse, and having no toilet to make, was soon on my way. The country in the vicinity of San Antonio has not been burned over for some years, and the muskeet bushes have grown up everywhere, and if not cleared off, will soon be out of danger of fire. The soil is of a dark loam, with flint pebbles.

From the brow of a hill, I saw at length the white houses of San Antonio scattered through the green, three miles distant, and a quarry close at hand, from which a building material is taken. It is chalk, but so friable as scarcely to admit of handling, yet is used much from its being cheaper than the better qualities of stone. I soon passed through a double row of mud cabins, thatched with grass, and came upon the river—clear, swift, and sparkling. It flowed through no deep channel, but river and channel just fitted each other. I wanted to water the horse, but felt some degree of delicacy about it, and paused for a moment upon the bridge. A copper-colored man, with broad brimmed, steeple-crowned straw hat, small moustache, shirt and pants, and a red sash, came down leading a horse to water; this removed all scruples, and I urged my pony to drink; but the sight was so new to him, that it was with difficulty that I could induce him to approach the margin. His thirst being satisfied, I rode along a narrow street, with low one story houses built close upon it, interspersed with some new stores in more modern style, and some delightful residences standing back from the street.

I stopped at a hotel kept by Mr. Reade, just in time for breakfast, after a journey of eight days from the coast, although the distance was less than two hundred miles. I shall write an account of this city when I come to speak of the topography of the country, and to give the general results of my journey. My trunks had not arrived, and therefore my letters were unavailable. I, however, called on Dr. Douai of the *Zeitung*, who had been informed by Mr. Olmstead of my intended visit to this place, and at his office I also saw Mr. Riott. Both are men of high attainments, and with an undying love for that cause for which they are exiles. After two days' rest, I set out in company with Dr. Douai to visit Castrovilla, a settlement of Alcestians formed nine years since. The distance was twenty-eight miles, and the road presented but little of special interest. The grass was very good, and corn looked well. The settlements along this road are frequent. We cross several streams before we reach the Medina. This is a fine stream, and a dam of superior construction has been thrown across it at Castrovilla. A good hotel is kept there by Mr. Tardé, a Frenchman. The place has about 3,000 inhabitants, and is so remarkably healthy, that, as I was informed by the two physicians of the place, there had been but three deaths there in a year. The population is very industrious and orderly, though far below the Germans in intelligence and enterprise.

Owing to the careless manner in which I saddled my horse, and fast riding, I injured him so badly that I did not deem it prudent to use him at once, and led him a few miles down the river where was good grass, and amused myself on the bank of

the river. Large cypresses grew along the bank of this river, close to the water's edge, and grape vines whose trunks measured six or eight inches in diameter, loaded them down with their huge folds, the small light green leaves of the cypress contrasting finely with the large leaves and dark masses of the grape. After taking a bath, I seated myself in the shade of a pecan on a shelving bank, where a willow, inclined almost horizontally, trailed its branches in the water. The *smilax*, a bright leaved, thorny vine, common about New York, a dwarf black walnut, and many stranger shrubs surrounded me. The river at this place is deep, and thirty yards wide, and flows sluggishly, but below me I heard the murmur of a rapid sometimes blended with the sough of the wind amongst the trees, but never with the complaint of a mosquito. A mocking-bird alighted in a tree close over my head, to answer the song of his lady-love on the other side of the stream. A limb had concealed me from him for a while, but suddenly he stopped, with the notes of one of his sweetest impromptus in his throat, at the sight of a man in blouse taking notes; he stretched his neck to the utmost over the limb, first in one direction then in another; he seemed to say, "Oh, my eyes!" and hopping from one limb to another very quickly, he took wing. The water has a greenish transparency, and I see a perch gliding along as straight as if he were going to the post-office for a letter from home, yet stopping at the margin of a leaf of the pond weed to snap at a fly. A soft-shell turtle crawls timidly up the bank directly opposite me into a sunny spot, and begins to excavate a hole in the ground to deposit her eggs, by throwing the dirt out with her hind feet, using them alternately, and at each flit throwing it some yards into the river, all the time looking very carefully about her, to be sure that no one shall be aware what she is about. She has chosen a place where cattle come down to drink, and a young steer appears through the bushes. The turtle makes a quick evolution, and plunges into the water. The steer, startled in his turn, looks with wonder and fear at the spot where he heard the plunge, and sees the water circling, looks back, and waits for reinforcements. Two, then three juvenile cattle put their heads together to solve the mystery, and finally seem to settle the matter, that there is no reasonable ground of apprehension, and go down to drink. I sat in the midst of this interesting society until the setting sun began to open fire upon my retreat.

Of the state of the settlements I shall be able to give a better account when I revisit the country west of San Antonio, which I shall do as soon as I am posted in my correspondence. I hope to go as far as Mexico, unless I am interrupted by new misfortunes. Returning, we started late to avoid the heat of the sun, and camped about ten miles from Castroville, in preference to sleeping in a house. My baggage not having yet arrived, and my horse being too sore to ride, I camped for three days about four miles down the river, on lands owned by Mr. Riott, enjoying myself much with my gun. Quails, rabbits, and grey squirrels are plenty, and milk and eggs were obtained at a house in the vicinity, and when night came, I followed the instinct of my

horse, and went up on the high prairie, in the muskeet grass to sleep.

On the 21st of May, I left San Antonio for the settlements north of this place. The country, drained by the rivers Llano and San Seba, had been represented to me as one of great interest, presenting a variety of formation from primary to tertiary, and abounding in valleys of great fertility and beauty. I left town in the evening, and camped near San Pedro Springs, where there was good grass. I made my bed in the usual manner, by spreading a blanket on the ground, and using my saddle for a pillow. I woke in the night, and rose to tie the horse in better grass. The moon had gone down, and clouds shut out the stars. For more than an hour I searched for my bed: I thought I had not left it a rod, but I could not find it, and was forced to pull off my coat for a pillow, and renew my sleep on the grass. From the Springs northward the country becomes hilly, and the muskeet grass and trees which are almost invariably found together, give place to the coarser grass of the coast country. At this season of the year this grass is of a bright green, and gives a charm to the landscape. Later in the season, it becomes brown, and is burned over. The muskeet, on the contrary, is greenest in the winter, and is much relished by animals even in its dry state. I thought I should have no difficulty in finding a settlement at which to breakfast before I had travelled far, but after leaving the Springs, one mile from town, I saw no dwelling place of man until eleven o'clock. I was on the road to Fredericksburg, and had ridden over a country which, could one be placed at once in it without having seen any intermediate places, would call out the most extravagant admiration. There was every variety of surface that was possible, without the turf being broken. In the deepest valley I did see the turf broken, and white chalk showing where the torrent had been most violent. But now there was no water for twelve miles, and then only at a well. I rode up to a cabin where a young man was skinning a deer, and proceeded without ceremony or invitation to unsaddle. A piece of that venison I meant to have. He referred me to the old man in the house, who, when I told him I had not yet breakfasted, asked me whether I would have breakfast or dinner! I told him I did not care by what name he called it, if there was only some venison in it. He was a middle-aged man, from Arkansas, and employed his time while talking with me, in striking at the chickens, dogs, and black children, who came unbidden into his presence. Just as dinner was announced, Mr. Tyson, a German settler on the Upper Guadalupe, rode up and joined us. There were about us five flaxen-haired children, and one sleeping in the cradle, five dogs, and three woolly heads, besides one of doubtful complexion. The charge of twenty-five cents for our meal we considered very moderate. Just as we left, we were reinforced by Judge Behr, of Sisterdale, and felt ourselves strong, though we were all unarmed. I have noticed that the German settlers generally go unarmed about the frontiers, while Americans uniformly carry revolvers, many even carry them wherever they go, just as a gentleman carries his watch, and they seem to

think it as indispensable. I saw recently the impropriety of carrying pistols to evening parties, urged by a Texas paper. Soon after leaving this house, we entered the dry valley of the Leon. Along the bed of the Leon is much limestone, and cliffs sometimes rise perpendicularly. The valley is narrow, bounded by hills rising several hundred feet, and many of them attaining to the dignity of mountains. They are mostly bare, or presenting here and there patches of small bushes, with horizontal ledges of limestone cropping out where some strata have been less easily broken down than the others, so as to give the appearance of terraces. Six miles brought us to the Leon Spring, the first good water we had found in eighteen miles, and this is but a small spring, whose supply is drank up by the thirsty earth in a short time. A German has opened a house of entertainment at this place, and supplies his table by his gun. Occasionally the valley spreads out into charming fields, with groves of post oak. This hilly region abounds everywhere with the white bundles of the flowers of the *Yucca filamentosa*.

Leaving the valley of the Leon, we crossed several small streams of good water, and rode over hills covered with live, and post oak, to the Cívolo, a large and beautiful stream, which, a short distance below the crossing, tumbles down a chasm in the rocks, and does not appear again in forty miles. Of this curious phenomenon I shall have more to say when I speak of the general features of this region. There is a German settlement at this place; and, as it was dark on our arrival, we passed the night here, stabling the horses for fear of Indians. The following morning I left the Fredericksburg road, to accompany my friends to their settlement on the Guadalupe. The country, for the most part, was rough, and the soil thin, although there were some pretty valleys with brooks of clear water. We made our way through thickets of shrubbery, and grape vines of a species that I had seen in the low country, but here in the mountains they are numerous, though vines and grapes are small.

Mr. Tyson, with a generosity as gratifying as unexpected, insisted upon my spending some weeks at his house, in which he appropriated the best room to my use. His farm is located on a bend of the river, so that he requires but one fence. He has a large corn-field under cultivation, and he has an abundance of timber of oak and cypress. The Guadalupe here runs in a deep narrow channel cut in the limestone, and the cypress trees grow in the bed of the channel, just at the water's edge, their tops reaching above the bank. Some of these attain the size of five feet in diameter, and they form a row on each side of the water, that gives a very unique appearance to the river. There are no parasitic plants growing on the trees here. The water flows over a pebbly bed, and is so transparent, that you might find a needle on the bottom. We went down to the river to bathe soon after our arrival, and a greater luxury could not be furnished in the mountains. We drank while we swam, for we knew that the water came to us pure. How many thousands of beings, human and other, does it supply, as it flows on for three hundred miles below, with the only drink they know during many months. It

is curious to see the effect light has on the colors of fish. The same species of fish found below are here much more finely colored—and even the Cat-fish, of which I caught two, were covered with small, black spots.

With the exception of one settlement twelve miles higher up, Mr. Tyson's is the last on the Guadalupe; though, for thirty miles, the character of the country continues much the same. The elevation cannot exceed seven or eight hundred feet above the sea, but the air is decidedly cooler, than fifty miles below. The best lands are held at \$2 per acre. The land on the hills is valuable as a sheep range, and the bottoms and flat lands are equal to any in the State. I was at a loss to account for the cordiality with which I had been treated by the Germans with whom I had become acquainted, until I found it to be a general thing among all the better class of them, and there are many such here and all through western Texas. I could not speak their language; I had not even seen the land of the Rhine, but, if I had been familiar with both, they could not have treated me with more cordiality; and yet they are regarded by the great part of our countrymen, with a conceit only surpassed by their ignorance and ill-manners, as though they were little better than negroes. What a bitter disappointment it is to the cultivated German who lands upon our shores, expecting to find here the fruit of four score years of freedom maturing into justice, truth and generosity, and to find just the opposite! I have been in company with a room full of Germans, and there was not one of them who could not expound our Constitution and history better than I could. Yet to the mass of Americans whom I meet, they are d—d Dutch. Even their industry is made an object of jealousy. Two Americans were riding along the fence which encloses garden upon garden, and corn-field after corn-field, for nearly seven miles west of New Braunsfels, when one said to the other, "Bill, look what a fence these fellows have made—these G—d d—d Dutchmen." But, I am digressing. On the third day we took our horses to ride down to see Mr. Behr, who has a place three miles below, on the same river. He had gone to Sisterdale, a charming little valley where several distinguished German families have found an asylum. Two brooks, called the Sisters, unite their waters, and empty into the Guadalupe on the north. First we passed the house of Mr. Dequer, once Secretary of the Interior of the German Republic. We saw his lady, who seemed to regret that she could not talk English, as much as I that I could not talk German. His house is large, and built in a substantial manner. The males of the society, it seemed, were assembled at Mr. Dresler's, three miles up the dale. It would be tedious to attempt to convey an idea of every pretty landscape that one meets with in a country where there is so much that is beautiful. Yet there were two views that I had that day seen that will remain well-defined when all other impressions shall become confused and indistinct. Those were the crossing of the Guadalupe, looking up stream, where there is a long reach of still water, with the two banks of the river walled in by those great cypress-trees stretching their

branches across, as if they would unite; the other was a landscape, with a wall of dark blue limestone rising fifteen or twenty feet on the right, capped with shrubbery and with the softer strata washed out, leaving the rock very much in relief, with trees growing up at intervals to relieve, but not to conceal, the rock; from this, a flat stretching to the left, a noisy brook, and a lawn terminating in a thicket, and in front a bold, rocky promontory, with the house of Professor Kapp half-concealed in the trees; and it was all just as it came from the hand of Nature. There was to be a musical festival at New Braunsfels, fifty miles distant, and preparations were making to attend it. It was decided that I should accompany the party—my horse was to be left to recover more perfectly from his injury, and I should ride one of theirs. Mr. Tyson and myself were to pass the night at Dresler's. This people lost their entire crops last year from drouth; and, having their means invested in lands, they have experienced a hard year, and enjoy but few of the luxuries of the table; they have but little time for hunting, and their horses are frequently stolen by the Indians; but they bear all their privations with a cheerfulness that is truly exemplary, and social life is kept up in a manner such as is seen in few better favored American communities. After our repast of corn-bread and milk, the evening was spent in the narrations of incidents of life on the frontiers. It was but natural that they whose ears had been deafened by the roar of revolutionary cannon, could fearlessly brave the dangers of the wilderness. I was told that, but a short time before, a panther had been very troublesome to the farm of Mr. Dequer, and had, in spite of all their efforts, destroyed much of their stock; one night, in the absence of Mr. D., his dogs treed him, and two boys of about fourteen and sixteen, sons of Mr. D., accompanied by their mother, who held a light, shot him dead. It measured nine feet in length.

It was midnight when we retired to the second floor to sleep. I looked out of a little port-hole in the wall, just large enough to receive my head. The moon was shining full in a cloudless sky. My horse, which was staked out, contrary to our usual practice, was just discernible, and I heard him neigh from loneliness; felt some misgivings, and felt half-resolved to take a blanket and go stay by him. I listened to what further might be in the wind, but heard nothing else, save the chuck-wills-widow from a neighboring tree, and laid down and slept till late. I looked out in the morning to see how fared "Pelicano," but he was not there. I hurried down to learn what it meant, and found that all the horses on the place were gone. This was a catastrophe to me so great that I could not contemplate it. I tried to find the trail by which they had left, but on the dry ground, to my unpractised eye, there was no trail. I went down to Mr. Dequer's, three miles distant. His dogs engaged the Indians in his yard, and he hastened out in his night dress, gun in hand—but they were too quick for him, though they did not succeed in getting any of his horses. The trail was found the next morning, and recognized as that of a Waco who had visited them before. And there remained no doubt that my pet horse

was in the hands of the savages, and I should never look upon his white face, and he should never neigh for me again. One can hardly realize, who has not journeyed, as I had done, for weeks in a strange, wild land, with no other companion than his horse, with whom he had travelled by day and slept at night, how strong the attachment will become. He was as gentle and playful as a dog, and would follow me wherever he had an opportunity; when in lonely wild places he seemed to share my fears, and his instincts have often determined me. I had now brought him into the hands of those who would never respect his virtues or have compassion on him, but ride him without mercy on their marauding expeditions until he can go no longer, or until he is eaten. I felt it more keenly even than my own forsaken condition; and I was here with my journey half completed, without the ability to provide another horse, nor had we the means of pursuit, and perhaps it was as well that we had not, for there was, no doubt, a large party of them. The same day, about ten miles further down, a white man was killed and his horses taken—a negro accompanying him escaped. A consultation of war was held, when it was concluded that as we had neither the horses, nor one sufficiently skilled in trailing, we would go to the *song-verrein*. A waggon, with the balance of the animals left in the settlement, was soon in readiness, and my character as a gay cavalier was resigned for a seat in the bottom of the waggon. We were a company of eight including Mrs. Dequer; and, while they were singing the songs of their Fatherland, full of glee at the anticipated anniversary, I was sad at the vicissitudes of fortune, and full of speculations as to my future course.

Truly yours,

J. D. B. S.

GIOTTO AND HIS WORKS IN PADUA.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

THE following notice of Giotto has not been drawn up with any idea of attempting a history of his life. That history could only be written after a careful search through the libraries of Italy for all documents relating to the years during which he worked. I have no time for such search, or even for the examination of well known and published materials; and have therefore merely collected, from the sources nearest at hand, such information as appeared absolutely necessary to render the series of plates now published by the Arundel Society intelligible and interesting to those among its members who have not devoted much time to the examination of mediæval works. I have prefixed a few remarks on the relation of the art of Giotto to former and subsequent efforts; which I hope may be useful in preventing the general reader from either looking for what the painter never intended to give, or missing the points to which his endeavors were really directed.

J. R.

Towards the close of the thirteenth century, Enrico Scrovigno, a noble Paduan, purchased, in his native city, the remains of the Roman Amphitheatre or Arena from the family of the Delesmanini, to whom those remains had been granted by the